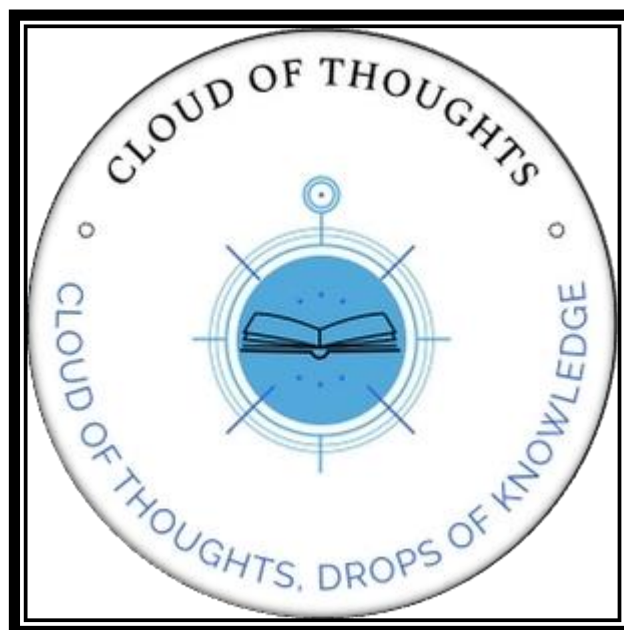


CELESTIAL
BLOOM

Cloud Of Thoughts Publication

Cloud Of Thoughts Presents Anthology-

Celestial Bloom



Cloud Of Thoughts Publication

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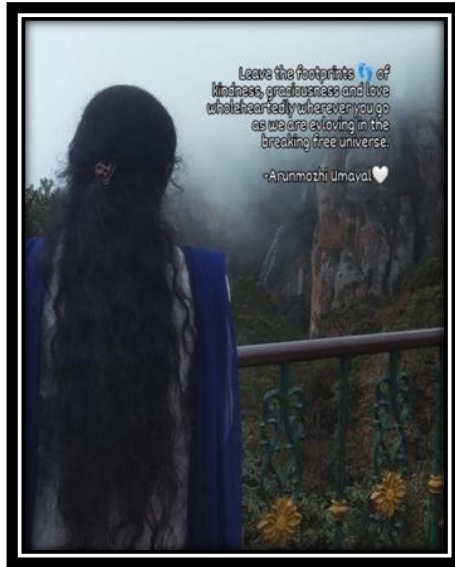
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ArunMozhi Umayal



Insta Id - _dreamy_destination__

CELESTIAL BLOOM

POETRY

She was born not with a cry, but with a shimmer like
the soft flare of a distant star,

A whisper in the womb of the universe, tender and
infinite.

She burned with passion, with poetry and protest,
with dreams too vast for any orbit.

She was moonlight on restless waves, soft but sure,
carving paths in silence.

She was Venus at dawn, rising when the world still
slept

In love, she was gravity and flame, like the sun fierce,
forgiving, even when fading.

Years passed,

She aged not like a flower drooping, but like the
universe expanding—

With more light, more wisdom, more grace.

And when she was gone, the sky remembered her.

The stars blinked a little slower, the wind carried her
name

Celestial or earthly,

Opened wider just for her.

For she was never just a girl.

She was stardust in motion, the echo of creation,

To remind the world, what it means to truly shine.

- Arunmozhi Umayal

Akash kumar Chaudhary



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✨ Celestial Bloom ✨

By Akash Kumar Chaudhary

It bloomed in a moment when silence reigned,
When even time itself felt unchained.

No seasons called it, no winds knew its name,
Yet every breath of the universe sang the same.

It held the hues no eyes could find,

And whispered truths to the open mind.

It wept with the stars, smiled with the moon,
And healed the hearts that broke too soon.

The gods looked down, in awe and grace,
For even they hadn't seen such a face.

A bloom that lived where dreams retreat,
In galaxies where souls and stardust meet.

So when the world feels empty and wide,
Seek that bloom, it grows inside.

In every tear and every tune,
There breathes the light of the Celestial Bloom.

Asaba Bagwan



Towards Unruffled Peace.

When I close my eyes,
To know the answers to my 'why',
It breaks the wall of my mind's cart,
And takes me to my deep heart.

It drives me to unruffled peace,
As the celestial world begins to release,
The hidden answers to my inner "why",

When I sit beneath the wisdom of the sky.

Here I meet my innate enemy,
Who allows me to learn optimistic alchemy,
Transforms me to a sanguine outlook,
By recognising my inner crook.

-Asaba Bagwan

Cathrine



Insta Id -Cathrine_tkd

MY DEAR COMRADE

They shattered my mind, tore it apart,
Each word, each act, bruised my heart.
Till thoughts grew dark — too dark to bear,
Suicidal whispers filled the air.

But then came my man, strong and kind,
He gave me life for the hundredth time.
Those thoughts dissolved, like mist, like breeze,
He held me close and gave me peace.

I hurt him too — I crossed the line,
Yet still, he treated this soul as mine.
Like his own baby, he held me tight,
Guiding me gently into the light.

He is my comrade, my gem, my grace,
The sunlight shining in my darkest place.
I feel unworthy of love so deep,
But his heart is a promise he chose to keep.

_Cathy🦋

Dersha.D



Insta Id -Itz_dersha

Into the Ocean's Heart

Standing near the ocean's shore,
I saw a tail—what could it be?
The waves then crashed with sudden roar,
A whale appeared and stared at me.

I stood there numb, my breath held tight,
It took my hand, and down we flew—
Into the sea, away from light,

A world beneath I never knew.

So calm, so vast, so deep and grand,

I didn't want to go ashore.

Its beauty called my heart to stay,

The whale then cast a spell on me—

A mermaid now, I swam away.

~Dersha. D

Deepshikha

Insta Id - deep shiikhaa

हौसला

कभी-कभी कुछ पल ,
एकांत में बैठकर सोचाकर,
की तू खुश तो है ना,

जब ये शांत सा अंधेरा हो,
और मन में तेरे राज़ कोई गहरा हो,
उसे वहीं दफना दिया कर ना,

क्यों हर बार खुदको नोचना,
खुद से ये सवाल भी तो पूछना,
कभी खुदको सहला भी दिया कर ना,

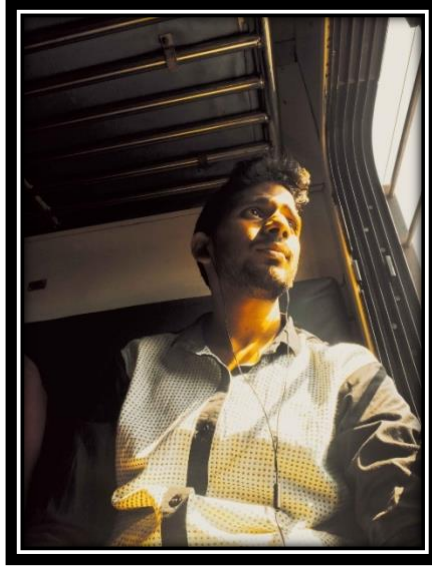
हां, जब तेरा दिन न हो ,
तो खुदको कम क्यों समझना?
कभी खुदको समझा भी दिया कर ना,

होंगे सब तेरे खिलाफ ,
पर तू खुद है तेरे साथ,
ये भी तो याद रखा कर ना,

कभी- कभी कुछ पल,
एकांत में बैठकर सोचाकर,
की तू खुश तो है ना।

दीपशिखा

Dinesh(MJ)



Insta Id -Mad_ness_poet07

वो हमेशा के लिए मेरा पहला प्यार है.!

वो वक़्त जब मुझे कुछ भी नहीं पता था.

उसके आने का ख्याल मेरे मन में आया.

मैंने पीछे देखा और उसकी परछाई देखी.

मैं उस पल किसका चेहरा था ये देखने की कोशिश कर रहा
था.

बहती हवा और खुशबूदार हवा ने मुझे अपनी ओर खींचा,
एक चमक अचानक बिजली गिरने जैसी.
वो पल जब वो मेरी आँखों से दिखाई दी.
ऐसा लगा जैसे आसमान में कोई सितारा उतरकर चमक रहा
हो.

जब वो गुज़री तो मैं एक फरिश्ते की तरह उसके पीछे-पीछे
चला,
मैं जहाँ भी गया, फूलों और जन्नत की खुशबू फैल गई,
मेरा मन तितली की तरह उछल पड़ा.
उसे देखकर मेरे प्यार ने हाथ मिला लिए.

मेरी आँखें राह जारी रखने के लिए तरस गईं,
मुझे उस पल का एहसास हुआ जब वो दिल खोलकर
मुस्कुराई.

अगर वो मेरे पास होती तो मैं इस आसमान को भी नाप
लेता.

वो ही है जो प्यार के बिना तड़पती हुई एक कविता बनकर
मेरे पास आई.!

Diya Chakraborty

Insta Id-Di_fantasy_12

Rosie's little story :

As the dusk of summer arrived, autumn knocked on the door. Rosie, a sixteen-year-old, was walking through the corridor of her school. Chattering spread across the corridor of her school, the hall, everyone was sharing their last hugs and goodbyes, discussing about their trips they are going to take together, tears spread across the hall as they are sharing their last day before the summer breaks. Amy and Merideth ran to Rosie after seeing her and hugged her tightly. Their eyes lit up and tears fell down their eyes realizing they are seeing each other one last time before the breaks. Merideth with her twinkling brown eyes, excitedly shared about her trip with her parents to London. And on the other hand, Merideth was going to New-Jersey. She shared excitedly about her summer camp. Rosie was going to visit her Grandmother in the Redrock woods in the outskirts of Nashville. A heavenly place with beautiful oak trees and pine trees. And autumn feels like heaven there. The chirping of birds and the beautiful leaves. Fall brings

an unknown beauty signifying that sometimes when the tress have lost all its beauty it still holds its elegance. In the evening, Rosie, her little sister Kim and her parents were eating dinner . Their excitement could be shown in their conversation and planning. Her dad ordered the ladies to be punctual especially eyeing Rosie. He said to be ready by sharp 9am. Rosie sat at her balcony in her room mesmerizing the beautiful milky moon shining in the dark sky accompanied by the twinkling stars. The quiet and peaceful night made her feel so cozy. Spooky, her little black cat came and sat in her lap making her feel so cozy. She was dreaming about her knight in the shining Armor and he lit up her world. She woke up with a loud bang her door. The boulevard road led the way. Rosie's beautiful face was sparkling with the golden sunrays. Her grandmother and her little Timmy, (a golden retriever) welcomed her and her family with open arms and a wagging tail respectively. Few days went by and she kept on falling in love with the beauty of Nashville, it's beautiful greenery, forests and butterflies. One fine day she went to the nearby lake and sat beside it and was humming a beautiful melody while a tall, handsome, fair complexion, with deep blue eyes came and asked her if she could share a seat with him as he didn't wanted to invade her personal space. She

nodded with slightly curious to know him and a fear played alongside her deep light heart as she was scared too. They talked and talked until it became night. She was so astonished how she felt so homely, the kind of home she was looking for since a long time. He felt like a breath of fresh air, a soul she knew since eternity. Following this day, one month passed, she still can't believe how inseparable Chad and she was. She found everything in him, a best friend and a lover. He was her favourite place and home. The way his care and love lit up his world, she found her broken pieces together. As the break came to an end, they promised each other to never be separated. Ten years passed by and they are together in their honeymoon. She was standing with him in the balcony under the beautiful moon and he whispered in her ear "the moon is shining because it's smiling about how he answered your prayer and brought us together". She smiled and kissed him gently.

Dhruv Sarkar



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How Does He Feel? (Extended)

By Dhruv Sarkar

Yesterday, as I wandered slow,
Beneath a sky with amber glow,
I saw a bird with wings spread wide,
Alone, he danced through evening's tide.

No flock to guide, no song to share,
Just endless sky and thinning air.

Flying high, through dusk's soft dome,
He seemed so free, yet far from home.

I paused and stared, my breath grew still,
A hush around, a quiet thrill.
In that lone bird, I saw my face—
A silent soul in endless space.

A kinship rose, a silent plea,
In his bold flight, I found in me
A mirror to my wandering mind,
A seeker lost, yet undefined.

How does he feel, I wondered deep,
With stars to guard him while he sleeps?
Without a friend to share the light,
No cozy branch, no nest at night?

Does he not long for tender voice,
For warmth that makes the heart rejoice?
Or has he grown to love the skies,

The solitude where courage lies?

Perhaps he weeps but hides the tear,

A warrior shaped by silent fear.

Or maybe joy is what he knows—

A strength in every wind that blows.

Lonely in the sky, yet so brave,

He carves his path, no road to pave.

A spirit wild, untouched by chain,

He sings his truth in sun and rain.

And as he soared above the land,

I felt the strength within me stand.

For though alone, he still flew free—

A timeless flame of destiny.

Divyalakshmani G



Insta Id-Divyalakshmani

“I CAN” 😊 🏆 🎯

The story of life is a work in progress

Never give up and never stop dreaming 😊

Sunshine comes to all one who feels the rain ☁️

My dear, Embrace the struggles, learn from each fall



Success begins with the man's mind-Its all in the state of mind 🧠

Life battles don't always go stronger or faster man
than soon or late the man who always the man who
thinks he CAN 🏆 🌟

Have patience, consistency and Focus 🎯

One laugh will conquer gloom 😊

Even a single word can frame the goal 😊

It's never late dear, RUN towards your GOAL 🎯 🏆 ..

Focus on all life's good and you will find things
workout ✨

Every good things are waiting for you dear,you
deserve it 😊 ❤️ work hard and Never .

Your best career and desires will reach you at your
time soon.. 🌟 😊

With all your capacity, confidence,and
consistency,May all your deserve ❤️

G.Divylakshmani

ESTHER JOY



Insta Id -Ej09022004

❀ THE MOON'S GENTLE FLOWER ❀

A flower grows above the sky,
Too far to reach, too high to try.
It doesn't need the rain or ground,
It blooms where stars and dreams are found.

The Moon gives it a soft, kind light,
And holds it gently through the night.
The stars sing songs to help it grow,

They shine around it, soft and slow.

The Sun comes close and says hello,
Then warms its leaves with golden glow.

It never fades, it never dies,
It lives in hearts and quiet skies.

You cannot pick it, cannot see,
But still it blooms in you and me.
A gentle light shines bright in you —
A bloom the world can't take from you.

- Esther Joy ✨

Dr Infini Lionne



Insta Id -[dr.infinity san](https://www.instagram.com/dr.infinity_san)

Differential Likeness

It is a soul wrenching yearning
For distant views, vivid scenarios
Of vast ranches and ranges spanning all around.

It is a minimal attraction towards
Something beyond unseen, utterly unheard of
And unspoken to none about.

It is beautiful, an infinite rhythm
Where clarity mingles through a narrow trough
With a hint of uncertainty shimmering about.

I wonder, sometimes more often than most other
times....

How alike are we, genuinely..?

I mean, it is true..!

That I definitely am aware of.

After all, I am that particular green pea

Belonging to that typical mega pod

Arising from that familiar branch

That holds sway against all odds and transitions too.

As if I were the twin incarnate of the exact essence

That became your driving force through all phases

Be it through infancy or this so-called adulthood.

To be honest, we truly aren't that different...

Come to think of it,

When was the last time we sat together

And discussed the various modalities

Of living in general..!?

Was it back then when

You would hold my hand and

Guide me towards the school gate..?
Or was it back then when
You tagged along with me
As a silent supporter especially when
I felt unsure about my supposed to be taken
decision..?

I should definitely convey more
And I know it to be exactly so
And yet, I know I can't in earnest
Because it is the most difficult to express
When it comes to phrasing your inner thoughts
For someone extremely precious,
No matter how strained it sometimes might feel.
Guess, I shall always stay that awkward in that
aspect...?

Hope, it's fine by you no matter how literary I
communicate here dad..!?

Oh and no..! Don't worry, this ain't an abstract
anthem either...!

-Dr Infini Lionne

ISHANI GANGULY

Insta Id -Vers.crafted_999

**Title: “THE CELESTIAL BLOOM: CROWN OF
THE EMPYREAN-“**

Sub-title: A Symphony Spun in Silver Flame- Where
Petals Pulse and Stars Exclaim, A Tale of Time in
Blooming Flight, Of Hearts that rise through dying
light.

In halls where suns’ in silence reign,
Beyond the moon’s enchanted chain,
There blooms a flame the Gods adore-
A blossom born from starfire’s core.

No mortal root could ever claim,
This sovereign flower, wreathed in flame.
Its stem is light, its breath is gold,
Its tale by kings of night re-told.

It wakes when thrones of fire fall,
As dying stars make one last call-
Their embers rise in jeweled plume-
To birth the rare Celestial Bloom.

Not petals, leaf, nor earthly kin-
It is the crown of realms within.
A scepter wrought in sacred gleam,
The final breath of Heaven's dream.

Its fragrance- time; its color- fate,
Its bloom- where realms resuscitate.
The lords of night, in robes of flame,
Bow low before its hallowed name.

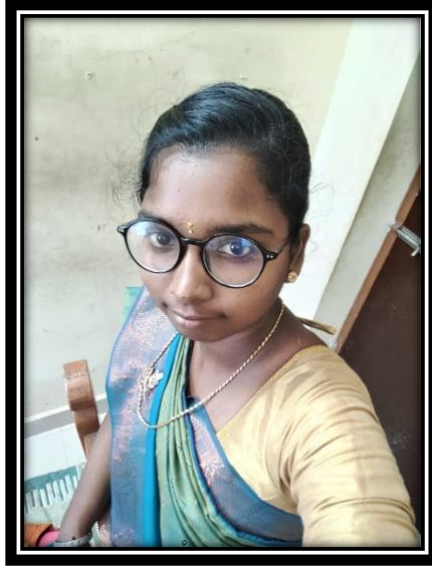
And when it blooms, the silence bows,
The ether bends, the void allows.

A symphony of royal light
Unfolds across the endless night.

So mark it well, O Seeker bold,

This bloom is neither young nor old,
It is the monarch of the stars-
The rose that rules what darkness mars.

Karthiga.G



Insta Id -@chottaparavathi

The celestial come down as a white lotus,
The fairy is plucking white lotus from the ring.

I have made a wedding dress for my dear angel,
A cascade with a gloaming rise of crystal .

A fairy observed our wedding hall!

Fornute quoth! Mate to be transformed by the moonlit

The plants surrounding are the covering the luminous
pillars,

The group of birds is an emblem of a serenade.

The couples are entering to the wedding hall,
A complete devotion to love, may God bless these
couples.

A long-time has been fulfilled, my dear angel.

Kalaiselvi Kumaresan



Insta Id - @kalaiselvi_kumaresan_kslv

The Termination Shock and The Celestial Blooms

Our eternal guards, a trained army hailing from our
sun,

Marching forward—

On their journey through all our home planets,
They venture into the galactic space infiltrating in
every direction.

Yet, within our sun-bound sphere of influence,

It reaches the edge of our eternal dwelling.
The flares of helios thicken, dense at borders, ready to
block galactic intrusions.
Like rocks halt the sea waves crashing them back and
forth.

As the back waters return to the sea,
Our guards hit the border and the solar winds bounce
back.
Indeed a parade of sun flares, striking the interstellar
waves.
Before vanishing, they stop the entry of the stellar
blazes.

As flowers bloom with petals curled at their tips,
So do our celestials at termination shock,
They visualize the imagery of a divine flower blown
by solar winds,
That unfurls petal after petal hitting the space tide
after tide.

The radiance guards our home from the stellar winds,
As a militant flares, they creep along the frontiers,

The celestial blooms knock the shores;
They shut the starlit gateway of our universal home.

Kamaljit Verma



❀ नभ-कुसुम ❀

(Celestial Bloom)

अम्बर की चादर पर चुपचाप,
एक कुसुम खिला अनोखा,
न तारों जैसा, न सूरज सा,
था बस प्रकाश का एक टोका।

ना उसकी जड़ें धरती में थीं,

ना कोई शाखा, ना कोई तना,
वो तो जन्मा मौन की गहराई में,
जहाँ समय भी ठहरा बना।

हर रंग उसमें ब्रह्मांड समेटे,
हर गंध में संगीत था,
उसकी पंखुड़ियों पर लिखा
कोई अदृश्य, अनंत गीत था।

ना मौसम उसका स्पर्श करे,
ना हवा उसे झुकाए,
वो तो अपनी लौ से ही
सारा आकाश जगमगाए।

कभी ध्रुव बन, कभी धूप बन,
कभी एक मंत्र की तरह बहे,
वो नभ-कुसुम सिखा गया

कमल शांति कहाँ, कैसे रहे।

कमलजीत वर्मा



Kashvi Dalmia



Insta Id-Cashvi_

Title: Mental Might

Mental Health, Mental Heath

Is the way to stealth,

Mental Health, Mental Health

Is true wealth.

If at all,

You don't feel bright,

Make sure that,
You hold on tight.

One at peace is hard to defeat,
True strength lies in hearts-
That are sweet.

Try your best,
And you may succeed,
If you don't,
Then plant a new seed.

Kanishka Sharma



Insta Id -Attu jiho , yinyang soul

THE STARDUST THAT CALLED ME HOME

The wood beneath me creaks like an old friend,
Welcoming me where the forest mends.

Steam curls from my coffee, quiet and deep,
I sip the warmth I forgot I could keep.

Leaves murmur secrets in the hush of night,
While moonlight dances, soft and white.

A breeze plays gently with my hair,
Its laughter brushing through the air.

Droplets fall from trees like little sighs,
Blessing my skin where silence lies.

Stars blink above in their ancient grace,
Each one a whisper, a waiting face.

“You were never alone,” they gently confess,
“we’ve watched each breath, your pain, your mess.”

I cried, not from grief but from being known,
As stardust sang me back to my own.

Love, it seems, was always in bloom,
In coffee, in leaves, in stars, in room.

I promised the sky I will not stray,
We’ll bloom together, night by day.

By :- Kanishka Sharma

Kavita Vijaywargiya



Insta Id -@vijaywargiyakavita

“भक्ति की विरह”

तेरे चरणों में जीवन अर्पित किया,
हर श्वास में बस तेरा ही नाम लिया।
मंदिर की सीढ़ियाँ गिनते-गिनते,
अपना हर सपना तेरे हवाले किया।

तेरे बिना कुछ चाहा नहीं,
हर पीड़ा में तुझे ही पुकारा।
पर जब टूटे मन के तार,
तूने क्यों मुझसे मुँह मोड़ा सारा?

क्या मेरी आरती में भावना कम थी?
या अश्रुओं की आराधना अधूरी थी?
मैंने तो अपना सब कुछ खो दिया,
फिर भी तुझसे कुछ न माँगा, बस तुझे ही माँगा।

अब यह हृदय सूना-सूना है,
तेरी चुप्पी ही मेरा श्राप बना है।
भक्ति में भी जब प्रेम ठुकराया जाए,
तो बताओ प्रभु – किससे अब न्याय माँगा जाए?

Kinjal parmar



Insta Id -Fro.zenfire7

“Being loved”-

In the need of being loved,
My soul was snatched and being burned,
I gave my light to empty hands,
In hopes that love would stand.

But silence echoed loud instead,
In rooms where laughter used to tread,
I wore a smile, stitched from pain,

And danced beneath a sky of rain.

I let them carve my worth in sand,
Begged storms to help me understand,
Why love was shaped like cruel disguise,
And kindness came with hollow eyes.

Still, through the ash, a spark remains,
A stubborn fire within my veins,
Not all was lost in what they took,
Some parts they missed, some pages, books.

So now I rise — not seeking much,
Just peace, a voice, a gentler touch,
To love myself without the war,
To need no less, but beg no more.

- Kin

Mansha Negi



☁ *Cloud of Thoughts* ☁

—a uniquely lyrical dive into a stormy mind

In the attic of my skull, they gather—
Clouds of thoughts, no rhyme, no tether.
Wisps of memory, lightning-quick,
Ideas spinning like a mental trick.

Some are soft like lullabies,
Floating under star-stained skies,
Others roar with thundered might,
Flashing fears in darkest night.

Regret's a storm that won't subside,
Hope's a sunbeam trying to hide.
Dreams drip down in silver rain,
Washing over joy and pain.

They form and shift—no rules, no map,
Each one a whisper, a silent clap.
Truths I dodge, lies I chase,
Echo in this crowded space.

Yet in this cloud, I find my art,
Each thought a pulse, a beat, a part.
A storm, a sky, a soul unsaid—
I write the weather in my head.

Naisha Jain



Insta Id -@petalsandpoetry_nj

Two sides they show,like day and night,

One good,one bad hidden from you sight.

With practiced ease,they play their part,

A master of the double heart.

They'll use and abuse, with no regard of your pain,

Leaving you broken, shattered like the mirror in the
Rain.

With a smile, they'll stab you from behind, they'll
creep,

Their actions a contradiction to the words they speak.

Keep your distance, don't be fooled by their charm,

For in the end, their true nature is to do harm.

Neha

Insta Id-Neha_raj_gautam

..... सफ़र.....

ये सफ़र जो शुरू किया था हमने साथ मिल कर
उस सफ़र को खत्म करूं तो मैं कैसे ,
मुझे छोड़ बीच राह रुख मोड़ लिया तुमने,
कम से कम मुझे छोड़ तो आओ वैसे,
माना तुम्हारा दिल बदल गया
मेरा भी कर दो पहले के जैसे,
ये सफ़र जो शुरू किया था हमने साथ मिल कर
उस सफ़र को खत्म करूं तो मैं कैसे ,
तुमको बताया था हाल मैंने अपना
तुम भी कर दोगे दर -ब -दर ऐसे
ऐसा मैं ख्वाब में सोचूं भी तो कैसे ,
बन तमाशा मैं खुद अपनी ही नज़र में

तू बता अब मैं मुस्कुराऊं भी तो कैसे
पल पल छला गया मन मेरा
अधूरे सारे ही मेरे अरमां रह गए,
मैं अपने आंसुओं पर अंकुश लगाऊं भी तो कैसे
ये सफ़र जो शुरू किया था हमनें साथ मिल कर
उस सफ़र को खत्म करूं तो मैं कैसे ??

Nimisha Patil



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Nature's Blush

I saw the sun
Blushing at your compliment
Using clouds
To hide their excitement

I saw the clouds
Changing clothes now and then,
Throwing a seven-coloured

Rainbow drape

I saw the raindrops
Leaving clouds behind
Trying to touch the ground
Which the clouds can't.

You sit on the ground
Look up in delight
And smile at the fact that
The sun is so shy!

Omm Prakash Padhi



Insta Id -@wordsecstasy

I have met this feeling before wearing a different face
In her eyes, my mother's warmth resurrects from a
distant past

A gentle smile that revived my childhood, thought
forever lost at last

Her laughter echoes Mama's joy, a melody that
soothes my soul

A comforting presence that beckons me closer,
making me whole

Her kindness is the same embrace that cradled my
darkest nights

After cancer stole Mama's light, leaving only endless
fights

In this girl's touch, I feel Mama's hands, a love that
transcends time

A bittersweet longing that swells, a heart that's
learning to re-align

I have met this feeling before wearing a different face

Priti Vilas Parit

When the Stars Revealed Humanity

The art exhibition poster caught Nihal's eye like a sudden burst of colour on a grey day. He loved these quiet excursions; they were a chance to step away from the everyday bustle, to just feel something beautiful. So, at the stroke of ten, he was there, standing at the polished entrance, the calm of the uncrowded gallery a welcome embrace.

He drifted through the rooms, each painting a whispered conversation, until he rounded a corner and stopped. It wasn't a whisper here; it was a silent roar. Before him hung a massive canvas, depicting a galaxy. Not just stars, but swirling cosmic dust, nebulae in impossible shades of violet and emerald, distant suns burning with an almost living fire. Nihal felt a pull, a strange sense of belonging, and he stood for a long, long time, lost in its depths.

His mind, usually so focused on the present, began to drift, slipping back decades to a time when his knees were perpetually scuffed and his dreams were as

boundless as the sky. He saw Mrs. Sharma, his geography teacher, her face soft around the edges, her voice a gentle current carrying him through lessons on distant stars. He remembered the smell of old textbooks, the scratch of chalk on the blackboard, and the sheer, dizzying wonder when she first spoke of galaxies.

Then came the school trip to the planetarium – a dark, hushed dome where the universe unfolded above them. He could almost feel the squeak of the old wooden seats, hear the hushed gasps of his teenage friends beside him. They pointed, they whispered, they laughed with pure, unadulterated fascination. It was a shared magic, a collective awe that had shaped his early understanding of beauty and wonder.

Standing before this painted galaxy now, the canvas seemed to dissolve, and what filled the space was not just stars, but faces. Mrs. Sharma's patient smile as she explained the Milky Way for the fifth time. The goofy grins of his friends as they stumbled out of the planetarium, still buzzing with cosmic visions. And then, most vividly, his parents. Their tired but determined faces, the quiet sacrifices in their eyes

that he'd only begun to truly understand as an adult. The way they always found a little extra for his books, for that one memorable school trip, even when money was tighter than a drum.

A warmth spread through Nihal, a feeling far deeper than the simple appreciation of art. He realized, with a clarity that brought a lump to his throat, that the true beauty of this planet wasn't just in its vastness or its wonders. It was in the constellation of kindness that had orbited his own life. The teachers who saw a curious spark and nurtured it. The friends who shared moments of pure, unburdened joy. The parents whose unwavering love provided the very ground he stood on, making his existence not just possible, but profoundly, breathtakingly beautiful. The galaxy on the canvas shimmered, reflecting back not just light, but the profound human connections that truly illuminated his world.

Pratham agarwal



Insta Id-Prahdictions

मैं प्रेम हूँ

मैं कौन हूँ

पूछा मैंने, कृष्ण के हृदय में था

उत्तर आया सब हो तुम

मेरा ही भाग हो तुम प्रेम हो तुम

मैं प्रेम हूँ
पर पता नहीं प्रेम होता क्या
क्या यह जीवनसाथी है
क्या यह संलग्न है
या हूँ कोई रिश्ता ?

मैं प्रेम हूँ
फिर पूछा मैंने
कृष्ण पर प्रेम है क्या
क्या यह भी है आपकी ही माया ?

कृष्ण ने दिल पे हाथ रखा
और बोले नहीं प्रिय
प्रेम माया नहीं
माया से अलग होने का रास्ता है
प्रेम वह है जो मुक्त करता है

प्रेम वह है जो आरम्भ करता है

मैं प्रेम हूँ

क्या मुझमें इतनी है ताक़त
की मैं कृष्ण की माया को हरा दूँ
फिर धड़कन से पूछा मैंने

कृष्ण हसे और बोले नैनों से
हाँ, तुम इतने बलवान हो प्रेम
की तुम खुद भगवान बनजाओगे

मैं प्रेम हूँ

मैंने पूछा प्रेम का क्या रूप होता
मैं दिखता कैसा हूँ हे मुरलीधर
क्या हूँ मैं कोई नर या किसिका वर

पवन का झोंका ने कृष्ण के पंख को

किया प्रणाम

कृष्ण कहते यही है प्रेम

सबसे बड़ा एक वरदान

प्रेम वह नहीं जो दिखता

प्रेम वह जो अगर मिलजाए

तो जीवन से दुख ही सुख बंजता

प्रेम मोह नहीं ना है कोई लोभ

प्रेम वह है जो कोई समझता नहीं

आज इंसान प्रेम को ढूँढ़ता है

पर प्रेम समान नहीं जो ढूँढ़े मिले

प्रेम तो भाव है जो अपने अंदर समाने में मिले

इसीलिए प्रेम भगवान है

दोनों मिलते साथ में हैं

प्रेम बिन भगवान नहीं

ना ही भगवान बिन प्रेम

मैं प्रेम हूँ

हे कान्हा अगर मैं किसी से प्रेम करूँ

पर वह कभी मेरा होना सके

तो क्या वह प्रेम प्रेम ना रहा

कान्हा की नटखट मुस्कान

चाँद की चाँदनी से भी ज़्यादा चमकी

बोले श्याम नहीं प्रेम

प्रेम तो वह जो अगर किसी से हो

तो वह उसको मुक्त करे

अगर वह तुम्हारा नहीं होसकता

तो वह प्रेम नहीं

क्यूँकि प्रेम अधिकार नहीं
तुम प्रेम करो बस प्रेम
स्नेह दो और दो तुम हमेशा ममता भरा प्यार
बस यही तो है सुख
जिसमें हो निस्वार्थ प्रेम का व्यवहार

मैं प्रेम हूँ
करूँगा मैं सबसे प्यार
हूँ मैं दोस्त में
माता पिता में
और जीवनसाथी में
बनूँगा मैं एक अनजान के प्रति भी एक व्यवहार

गोविंद मुसकाये
और सूर्या देव भी नद्मस्तक हुए
मैं प्रेम हूँ प्रश्न इंसान का था

पर प्रेम ही कृष्ण हुए

भाव हूँ मैं

व्यवहार हूँ मैं

प्राण हूँ मैं

प्राणी हूँ मैं

मैं की परिभाषा हूँ मैं

शांति हूँ मैं

क्रांति हूँ मैं

आरंभ हूँ मैं

गर्व हूँ मैं

गौरव हूँ मैं

सम्पूर्ण हूँ मैं

प्रेम हूँ मैं स्वयं कृष्ण हूँ मैं।

Pulak Das



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Truly Mine

In solitude, I find my grace,
No shadows cast, no hurried race.
No chains of hope, no whispered plea,
Just quiet moments, pure and free.

No need for voices, loud or clear,
No burdens borne, no hidden fear.
Alone, I walk my chosen way,

Embracing night, embracing day.

A life untouched by others' hands,

A peaceful sea, no shifting sands.

In freedom's light, my spirit sings,

Content within these silent wings.

Priyadarshi Ravi



Insta Id -@priyadarshiravisingh

New Time

Before day's end, time sets all in place
Calming storms and erasing every trace
Of worries, fears and doubts that bind
And soothes the heart, leaving peace to find

With gentle hands, time heals every scar
And brings to light what's hidden far
Into the darkness, shadows lose their might
As time restores balance, shining with new light

Dr. Richa Biswal



Celestial Bloom

For the anthology Celestial Bloom

In gardens sown beyond the skies,
Where moonlight drinks from starry eyes,
There blooms a flower none can name—
Of silver soul and golden flame.

Its petals hum in twilight's hush,
A breath of dawn, a midnight blush,
Bathed in the dew of dreaming spheres,

It opens slow through silent years.

Not touched by earth, nor bound by time,

It sways to Heaven's ancient rhyme.

Each leaf a hymn, each stem a sigh,

Of comets born and angels nigh.

It speaks in light no tongue can hold,

Of love too vast, of truths untold,

A bloom divine in stardust spun—

Cradled in arms of sky and sun.

O mortal heart, if once you see

This bloom beyond eternity,

You'll find in its ethereal grace

The universe in one still face.

Dr S.Revathi



Insta Id -Revsaaaks

Title: “Celestial Bloom: The Cosmic Symphony of Nature”

Article:

In the vast canvas of the universe, where stars shimmer and galaxies spin in an eternal waltz, the term Celestial Bloom evokes a poetic image a flower not of earth, but of the heavens. It is a metaphor for beauty unfolding in the cosmos, untouched by time, gravity, or decay.

Celestial bloom symbolizes the magical fusion of science and imagination. Picture a nebula a swirling cradle of gas and dust birthing stars like a flower releasing petals. These stellar nurseries are nature's way of blooming across light-years, each blossom a sun destined to warm its own world.

Astronomers have often compared certain star clusters, planetary formations, and galactic spirals to blossoms. The Rose Galaxy, the Lotus Nebula, and even Saturn's icy rings all speak of nature's instinct to create patterns floral and fluid even in space.

More than a visual spectacle, the celestial bloom serves as a reminder of the interconnectedness of life. The carbon in our bodies, the iron in our blood, and the oxygen we breathe were once forged in the hearts of stars a literal flowering of cosmic elements into organic life.

In philosophy and literature, the bloom represents awakening, transcendence, and the ephemeral beauty of existence. When joined with the celestial, it

becomes a metaphor for hope: that even in the darkest corners of space, light blooms.

The celestial bloom is not just about stargazing it is about understanding that we are part of this great bloom, each of us a petal in the unfolding story of the universe

Rupesh Pravin Sonawane



Insta Id -Prde_line.tod

कुछ बातें अनकही सी होती हैं,
खामोशी में भी कही सी होती हैं।
अनजानी राहों में, अजनबी से मुलाकात,
दिल को लगती वो जानी-पहचानी बात।

कुछ अजनबी अपने से लगते हैं,
कुछ सपनों जैसे जगते हैं।
मालूम है वो मेरे नहीं,

पर दिल में कुछ उनके लिए बसते हैं।

ना रिश्ता, ना कोई वादा,
फिर भी दिल को है इक इरादा।
दूर रहे वो या पास रहे,
उसकी खैरियत की ही आस रहे।

चाहत में शोर नहीं होता,
इक सादगी सा प्यार ही होता।
ना गिला, ना शिकवा, ना बात बड़ी,
बस उसकी खुशी है मेरी खुशी।

कोई दर्द नहीं, कोई उम्मीद नहीं,
फिर भी दिल में वो तहरीर बनी।
आए वो इन आँखों के सामने कभी,
बस यही तमन्ना, यही आखिरी दुआ रही।

Dr. Rutam Biswal



Where Courage Wears the Crimson Hue

(An Ode to Soldiers and Silent Patriots)

Where mountains guard the rising sun,
And rivers through the valleys run,
There walks a soul, with duty tied,
Who wears his pride and pain with stride.

He does not boast, nor seeks the praise,
He walks through fire, through smoky haze.

His oath is not in ink or scroll,
It's carved upon his very soul.

He leaves his child with silent eyes,
And wipes the tears his mother cries.
He hugs the breeze, he counts the days,
While life unfolds in unseen ways.

No wedding bells, no festive song,
No weekends off where he belongs.
He trades his joys, his gentle peace,
For watchful nights that never cease.

A letter sent with folded hands,
A dream he plants in foreign sands.
Each heartbeat holds a whispered prayer—
A wish to breathe his homeland's air.

He knows not rest, he knows not fear,
The drum of war is all he hears.
His chest a shield, his will a flame,
He lives for country—not for name.

The snow may fall, the sun may burn,
But still he waits for night's return.
With fingers numb, with back grown sore,
He stands at every silent door.

Through deserts wide and forests deep,
Where shadows crawl and spirits weep,
He treads the land with steady feet,
While thunder echoes in heartbeat.

When comrades fall, he bites his pain,
He buries loss like falling rain.

No time to grieve, no time to cry,
Just one more step, one more goodbye.

And when his boots are stained in red,
He walks with ghosts, but moves ahead.

For every name etched in a stone,
He swears they'll never walk alone.

A soldier's path is sharp and steep,
Yet promises are his to keep.
He swears to stand when others fall,
To answer still the homeland's call.

And when the sky turns black with grief,
When flags are folded crisp and brief,
A nation weeps but stands up tall,
For those who gave their life, their all.

The trumpet sounds, the silence swells,
As memory in the stillness dwells.
The tears are proud, the hearts are true,
Where courage wears the crimson hue.

Each bullet fired, each tear unshed,
Is written where the brave have bled.
Their legacy in silence grows,
Like poppies born from crimson flows.

The scent of soil, the tricolor,
The echoes of a martyr's roar—
These weave a tale both proud and true,
Where courage wears the crimson hue.

Let poets write and painters draw,
Let people stand in humbled awe—

For every soul who dared to fight
Deserves our words, our flame, our light.

So here we stand, hand over heart,
Not just to cheer, but play our part.
For freedom lives when some dare die,
With courage blazing in the sky.

Shrutira



Insta Id-Shrutira261

I find myself in a dark blurry night,
I was roaming here and there, in search of mine!

My destiny, the reason I exist,
Finally I find myself, today,
In a celestial night!

The stars are shining, moon give his light, I am a
human child, got my way,
Win this fight!

Shashank



Insta Id -Mr._.trusted

The festival of Christmas

The celebration of the birthday of Jesus,
Is a celebration of excitement,
Let's celebrate together with everyone,
The festival of Christmas.....

Rain is a moment of joy,
A moment of happiness,
In memory of Jesus Christ,
A festival of Christmas.....

Gluings gifts, receiving gifts,
Asking for things from the,
Favorite Santa because the,
Festival is Christmas.....

Let's be happy today,
Let's all be happy today,
Let's celebrate today's festival with joy,
Christmas's festival.....

Suraj Kumar



Insta Id -@instawordsmith_

Celestial Bloom

—by instawordsmith_

“Some flowers grow in soil, others in silence.
Some open to sun, others to sorrow.
But the rarest bloom—the one that sings in stars—
Is born of both the infinite and the intimate.”

A bloom not of this Earth.

They told me flowers only grow where roots can find
water,

Where sun meets soil and seasons offer permission.

But what of the flower that breaks open in vacuum?

What of the bloom that dares the void?

That dares to be seen, even when there's no one
watching?

That dares to be felt, even by the numb?

“Celestial Bloom,” I whisper—

Not just a metaphor,

But a memory stitched into stardust.

A testimony carved into the bones of the universe.

We are not made of atoms alone.

We are made of attempts—

To love, to lose, to rise again.

Every breath is a bloom trying to open

Inside a collapsing galaxy.

Diary of a star-seed.

October 8, 1:34 AM

(note in margins: Saturn in retrograde)

I saw her again—

Not in the street or in a dream,

But in the mirror of my own unspoken questions.

She was reading Neruda under moonlight,

Lips moving like petals learning how to tremble.

I didn't ask for her name.

Some things bloom better unnamed.

For the ones who bloomed in pain.

The girl in Delhi who paints her scars with sequins.

The boy in Seoul who dances even when his lungs
burn.

The trans kid writing poems on WhatsApp notes.

The mother praying into the silence of missing children.

You, too, are celestial.

You, too, are bloom.

Not despite the ache—because of it.

Trauma doesn't always look like a battlefield.

Sometimes it's a quiet cafeteria.

Sometimes it's the silence after "seen" on a 2AM text.

Sometimes it's your mother never asking how your day went.

But still—here you are,

Reaching for light like a satellite sunflower.

The anatomy of a celestial bloom:

1. Core: A memory you've never told anyone.
2. Stem: The nights you stayed alive without reason.
3. Petals: The names you gave to your pain so it wouldn't feel alone.

4. Pollen: The kindness you gave away even when you had none left.
5. Fragrance: The poems you never posted.
6. Light: The love that remains even after goodbye.

Ghosts don't haunt me anymore.
They garden me.

They tell me:
Plant your grief like seed.
Let your sorrow germinate into galaxies.
Don't fear the dark—it's just soil for stars.

I have stopped pruning my sadness.
I let it grow wild now—
Tangled, thorned, untranslatable.

Some people call it madness.
I call it celestial agriculture.

(A letter buried in comet-dust)

Dear Future You,

When the world gets too loud,

Remember the first time you felt wonder.

Maybe it was the moon.

Maybe it was the way your breath fogged the window
on a winter bus ride.

Maybe it was a person who looked at you like you
were a galaxy

Worth orbiting.

That feeling? That bloom?

Don't ever forget—

It wasn't a hallucination.

It was your soul recognizing itself.

You are not alone.

You are not the silence.

You are the seed that dares to sing in the stars.

With everything,

To bloom is to disobey.

We live in a world
That teaches us to hide,
To harden, to hush.

But celestial blooms do not beg for permission.
They bloom loud.
They bloom broken.
They bloom anyway.

They are rebels in the garden of logic.
They are metaphors made flesh.
They are the reason
Poetry still matters.

Because somewhere,
Someone needed to read this and remember—

They are not wilting.
They are becoming sky.

“You’re not late. You’re blooming in divine time.”

This poem is for the star in you that still believes in wild blooming, even after all the seasons tried to bury it.

Safura

Insta Id -Safura writess

The flower grows up in the sky,
So high to shine & bloom,
It doesn't need rain or earth
To keep it surviving,
It's not flower you can puck or
Steal or destroy,
It's flower which enhances the beauty
It even grows in darkness &
Stormy nights like stars at night,
It is a sign of love & hope
Which never fail to bloom in endless space,
It is a act of goodness which can
Stay in someones heart rentlessly,
It opens slow through golden hour
And dances merrily till the night,
A wish, a spark , a shining tune
That little dream – celestial bloom

Srujan s



Insta Id -Schaaden_freude

Moon lost in light

I'm the moon, in love with a sunflower
While she's radiant with the sun.
I know she belongs to him,
Yet, I long to be the one.

Each night, I rise with only one desire,
To catch a glimpse of her face.
She waits for the sun's embrace,
Night, to her, has no grace.

I could shine in the dawn,
But she can't even see me.
The sun eclipses my light,
As if I'm not meant to be.

By the time he retreats,
I try to fill the sky,
But her smile fades away,
And she lets out a quiet sigh.

She's always looking down,
Her gaze fixed on the sun.
And though I wait patiently,
I know I'm not the one.

I'm the moon,
In love with a sunflower.

Sanjana Behera



Insta Id-Fruti_era

Title: Whispers of the Mind

The mind is a labyrinth of thoughts, each whisper carrying a memory, a hope, or a fear. In the silence of the night, when the world sleeps, our mind becomes the loudest. It's in those whispers that our true self speaks, craving to be heard, to be understood. And perhaps, in that chaos, we find our calm.

Shital Srivastava



Insta Id-@masoom lekhika

(कविता-मृत रिश्ते)

कब तक फूँकूँ मृत रिश्ते पर प्राण प्रिय?

जब तुम बन ही चुके हो पाषाण प्रिय!

अब क्या कहूँ मन की व्यथा तुम्हें, अब क्या दिखलाऊँ अपने
अश्रु तुम्हें!

जब तुम बन ही चुके हो पाषाण प्रिय!

मैंने तो पाषाण में ईश्वर देखा था, मेरी वेदना में उन्हें रोते देखा था,

पर तुम इंसान होकर भी ना होगे भावुक ऐसा पाषाण तो मैंने ना देखा था!

जिससे बाँटे सुख-दुख अपने वो, ना सुखी ना दुखी होता है मेरे हँसने और रोने से,

तुम हो पाषाण ये मैंने ना सोचा था!

जिन आँखों में थे अश्रु वो तुम्हें ना पिघला पाए,

जिस हृदय में था अटूट प्रेम वो ना तुम्हें रोक पाए,

प्रेम की चिता पर खड़े हो जो विकराल हसीं तुम हँसते हो,

मेरा कोमल हृदय भयभीत हो, बस तुम्हें पाषाण होता हुआ देखता है,

कब तक फूँकूँ मृत रिश्ते पर प्राण प्रिय?

जब तुम बन ही चुके हो पाषाण प्रिय!

■ लेखिका शीतल श्रीवास्तव

Insta & Telegram -@masoom lekhika

Mr Saroj Kumar Ojha



The blooming flowers and we

+++++

From the seed, a flower grows into a big tree,
When the time is right,
The flower blooms with many dreams,
Just like the flower blooms.
Tomorrow morning,
It will bloom and you will see this colorful world,
You will see the plants around it,
How many types of living beings,
The colorful flowers of different races

Blooming and smiling like it
And making others smile,
And you will see all the people in this beautiful world,
You will see how many people are smiling,
How many people are sad,
How many people are poor and miserable,
But how long will a flower live,
Will you experience so many things,
After seeing so many things?
Its life span is only one day,
In that one day, it will fill
The environment with fragrance,
Everyone will be enchanted by its fragrance,
Devotees will pick it up and
Place it on the head of the god,
What is the fate of that flower?
Everyone will love it,
In such a short life,
It will do such a great job and
Then return to the earth,
But humans live for a long time,

Polluting society and dying,
Flowers are born and die,
Humans are born and die too,
But there are many differences.

+++++

Mr Saroj Kumar Ojha, Headmaster, Odisha
Elementary School, Tihidi Bhadrak

Upasana Ray



I'll always love you

Guess you were meant to be a poem,
But it happened to be my favourite one.
A verse danced along my mind and left me numb,
A rhythm that rose with the morning sun.

You weren't just words or a fragile line,
But the silence that spoke in perfect rhymes.
Each stanza I wrote declared you mine.
Each metaphor whispered through endless times.

Not all poems are written with ink,
You linger like lyrics I can't outgrow,
Some breathe through moments that make us think.
A timeless ballad in my soul's soft glow.

So if life must end as all poems do,
Let my final line be: I'll always love you.

Vanshika Kalia

“In the middle of June”

In the middle of June,
I'm hoping you
To come back soon

Your love, care, promises
All were fake
Which was my life's
Toughest heartbreak

Some situations forced me
To say goodbye
You loved me?
Nah, it was the biggest lie

I just feel
We are not made for each other
I'm trying my best

To forget you and move further

Time we spent together

Was just like a dream

I never want to fall again

In love's stream

I'll wait for you

By holding those promises forever,

You'll always be in my prayers

No matter you are wherever

You easily kicked me off

On 3rd June

I don't know why I'm still hoping

You to come back soon

-Vanshika Kalia

रोहित सुनार्थी 'प्रलय'



Insta Id -The enticing writer

--क्या क्या?--

जिस ख्वाब का डर है, वो सच हो सकता है

तुम नहीं जानते क्या क्या हो सकता है?

खुद के साए में सिमट कर आदमी गायब हो सकता है

हृद से ज़्यादा अकेला इंसान लाइज़ोजोम हो सकता है

जिन्हें फूल चुभे हैं कल, आज उन्हें कांटों से इश्क हो सकता
है

बिस्तर पर करवटें मिले, फुटपाथ पर कोई चैन से सो सकता
है।

हॉस्पिटल में पड़े कानजी भाई को भगवान का दर्शन हो सकता
है

कोई वृंदावन में आकर भी नास्तिक हो सकता है।

इस मायावी संसार में कुछ भी हो सकता है

आज जो खास है, कल आम हो सकता है।

रोज़ अगरबत्ती जलाने वाले हाथों में एक दिन सिगार हो
सकता है

जंगल का सबसे ताक़तवर जानवर तक एक दिन शिकार हो
सकता है।

वर्षा सकसेना



।शिकार हो सकता है।

Insta Id-Varsha.ki.kalam

‘बस एक लड़की’

मैं हूँ एक कहानी, अधूरी सी सही,
पर हर मोड़ पर मिलती नई जिंदगी।
ना राजकुमारी, ना कोई परी,
मैं खुद की रानी, खुद की डगर चली।

चांद से बातें, तारों से दोस्ती,
सपनों की उड़ान है मेरी सच्ची हकीकत सी।
हर नर्म लफ़्ज़ में बसी मेरी चाह,
ना कमज़ोर हूं मैं, ना कोई आह।
खामोशी मेरी भाषा है, आंखों में जुनून,
कभी सागर जैसी गहरी, कभी सूरज जैसा जूनून।
लोग कहते हैं – 'बस एक लड़की',
पर मैं हूं तूफ़ान, मैं ही हूं शांति।
~वर्षा सक्सेना



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